

# Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

VOLUME XXIV.

ASHLAND, O., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1902.

No. 14.

## Editorial

### "Life is Ever Lord of Death"

How cold and lifeless is the old earth so long as the face of the sun is hid behind wintry clouds, and so long as he journeys in the distant world. But when he returns, when he smiles upon barren fields, when he bends in warm effulgence of blessing, when he persuades the softening showers to descend, how quickly we behold the vernal resurrection. It is so with our souls. Heaven bends to us, and love thaws the icy hardness of our hearts, and showers of divine grace water the seeds of truth and nourish the timid uprising of hope. The promise of fruitfulness soon appears. The bloom of beauty is the natural habiliment of life, but fruitage is the divine ultimate which justifies it all and renders the spring still more lovely because of its promise of the coming harvest.

### He That Should Come

That was a pathetic message which John sent from his prison to Jesus: "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" It seems to argue great discouragements in the mind of the Baptist. It does not ring with the old confidence, when he announced "the lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." He could not have forgotten that it was the same Jesus upon whom he had seen the Spirit descending and remaining, the one "whose shoe latchet he was not worthy to loose." What had become of his faith? Why was his spirit bowed beneath the discouragement his words so plainly indicate?

Perhaps he too had failed at first to comprehend the spiritual mission of the Lord. It may be that, like all others, even the nearest disciples and nearest kinsmen of the Nazarene, he had expected more of a temporal kingdom, the visible setting up of David's throne, the majestic scepter of imperial dominion, deliverance from the oppression of the stranger, an oppression at that very moment bearing with cruel weight upon the man of God, immured in the dungeons of this Herod. It seemed such a disappointment to John as well as to others, that in this Messiah reign, now fully come, with so much divine announcement, authority and power, the righteous should be endunged instead of being enthroned. It was the sorrowful vanishing of so many beautiful dreams, and the disillusioned dreamer was like to be offended at this meek Messiah who refused to be king, and was only a rabbi, a teacher, tho a very wonderful one.

Out of this disappointment and its consequent discouragement arose the question, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" There can be no question that

the Lord knew how to dispel all our doubts and scatter all our discouragements, if we only, like John, go straight to him. Doubts and discouragements will come to us. They are the common, the universal experience. How heavily they weigh upon the spirit. How effectually they paralyze all our energies. Our light goes out in darkness, and we mourn for the joy that has vanished. Blessed is he who in this night of the soul sends his messages of inquiry and prayer straight to Jesus. Upon his darkness a beautiful dawn shall arise, and hope, faith, peace, return like a heavenly benediction.

We no longer ask that question, "Art thou he?" We know it is the blessed one, and we "look for no other." In all the centuries before or since, no such MAN has arisen in the earth. Nor do we look for another such, until the same Lord returns to reign in visible glory and majesty. Sufficient for all the needs of the world, or the needs of the soul, is this one. On this Rock we build. In the refuge of his love the weary ones find rest. There is no need and no room for another. Many "another" has been sought out by the unregenerate world, announced with a loud blast of trumpets, widely advertised as Healer of the world's wounds, philosopher-guide thru the world's night and the world's wilderness, announcing many different brands of salvation,—creed salvation, science salvation, politics salvation, social salvation—all warranted to work the miracle of the world's regeneration. But broken reeds are they, one and all, if we lean upon them in the soul's crisis; merely rubbish to be brushed aside that we may go to Jesus with our questioning and yearning, and get from his own lips the message of truth and peace.

But what a spectacle is this, the multitudes who believe that Christ has come, who look for no other, yet do not obey him, do not embrace his gospel. No other name is given, or can be given, by which men are to be saved, because his name is above every other name in heaven or earth. No other salvation is provided, or can be provided, for this one is based upon eternal righteousness, without which or aside from which there can be no salvation. In God's providence it may be the *only* opportunity, the *last* chance, the bare possibility of which ought to excite even the most indifferent, the most callous, the most stupid, to deepest earnestness and utmost exertion, lest the opportunity vanish and the soul is lost.

"Blessed is he who is not offended in me." His was a meek and lowly evangel, his following small and contemptible. Do some of us suffer ourselves to be offended at the lowly evangel and the small following in this our day? There is a strong temptation in this day of big things and great crowds, and noisy demonstrations, to become offended